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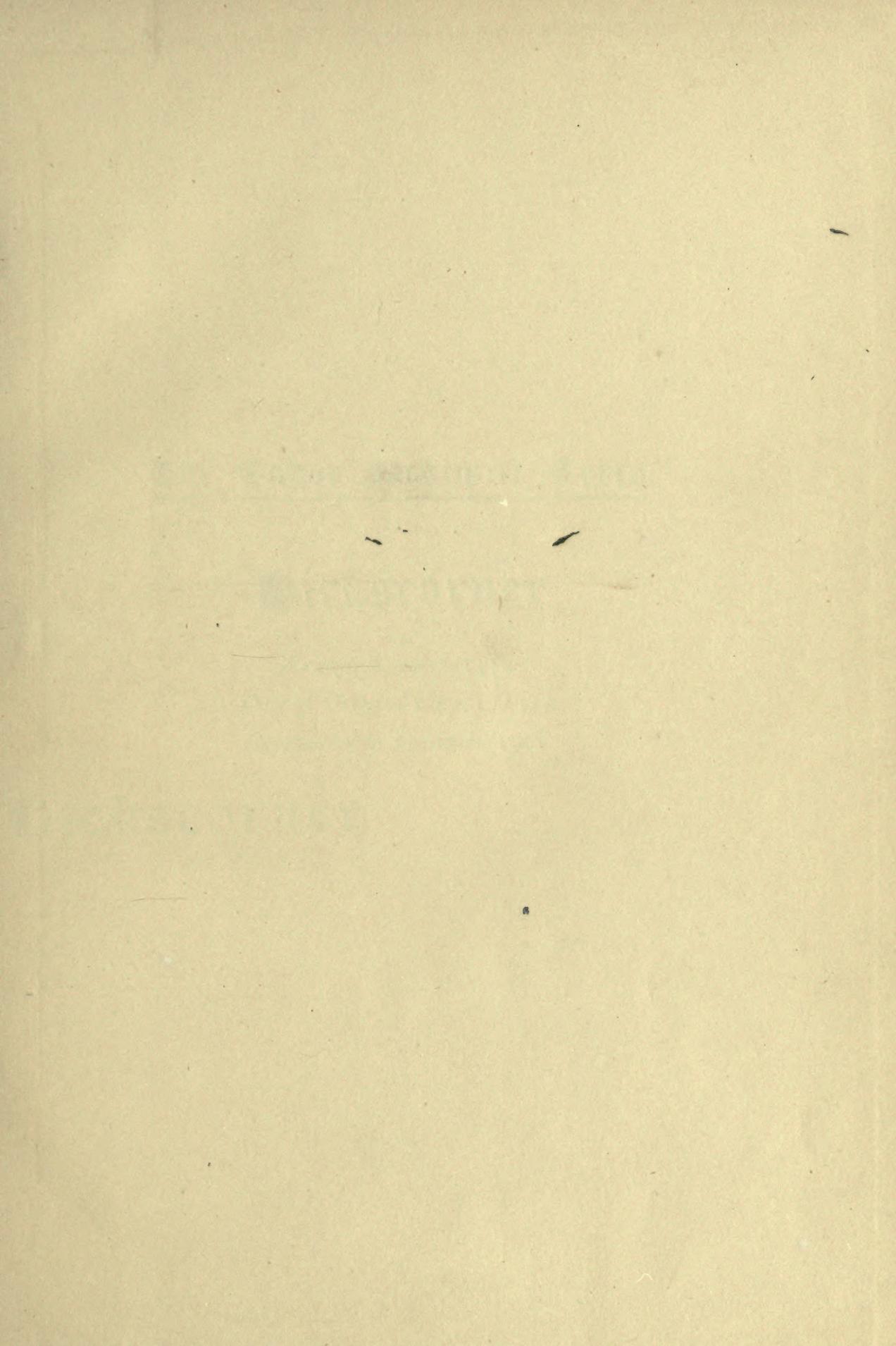


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

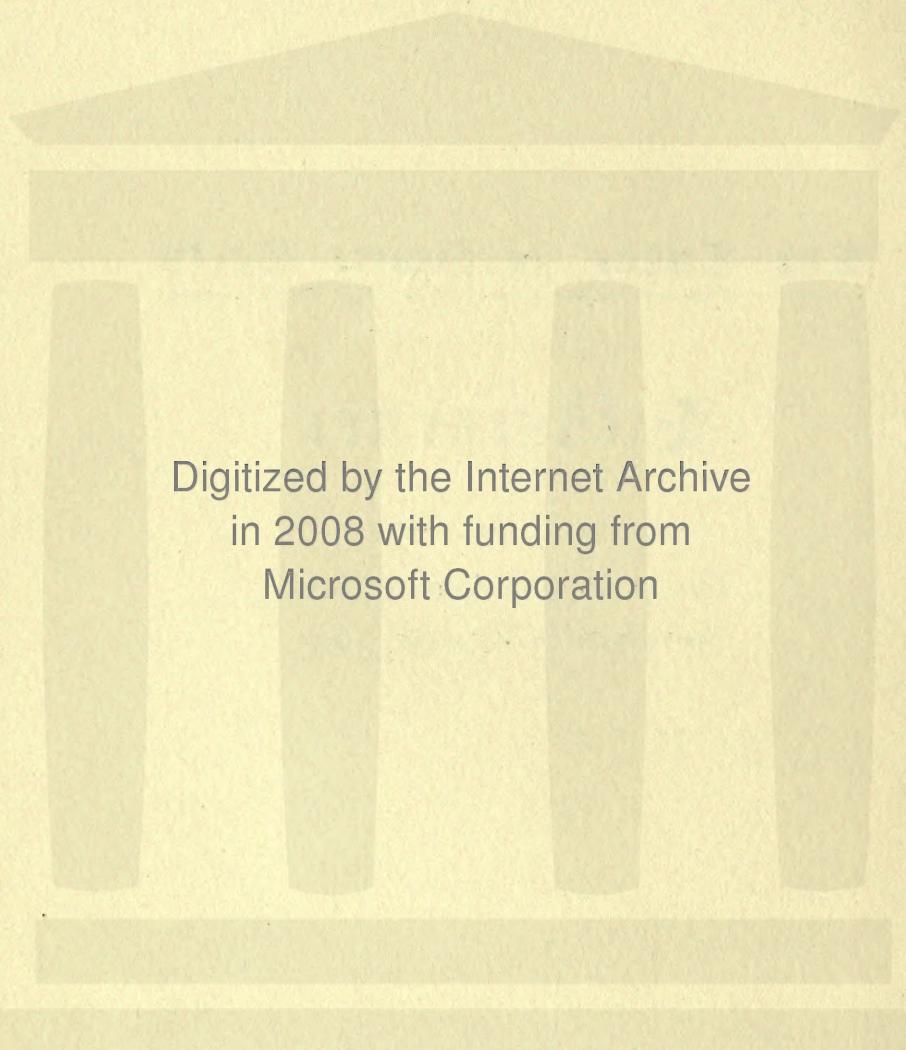
Hicks corner

Written, c. 1497-1512

Date of Original Copy, c. 1512

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

Hicks corner



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Hicks corner

[c. 1497-1512]

Issued for Subscribers by

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LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMVIII



GENERAL



Hickscorner

The original of this edition is in the British Museum (C 21, c. 24). It was printed, probably about 1512, by Wynkyn de Worde, who was following his craft as a printer from 1491 to 1535. Another impression also thought to have come from the same press about 1520 is known by a fragment of two leaves also in the British Museum (C 18, e. 2 [4]), with 34 lines to a page, as against 31 lines to a page in the original of the present reprint. Yet another edition by John Waley (or Walley), in business from 1546 to 1586, is in the Bodleian, also with 34 lines to a full page. Other fragments are also known.

The piece was apparently written between 1497 and 1512, these limits being fixed, the first by the allusion to Newfoundland (discovered by Cabot, 24th June 1497), and the last by the mention of the ship "Regent," destroyed by the French in 1512.

Mr. J. A. Herbert (Manuscript Department, British Museum) says this reproduction of "Hyckescorner" is "very

well done," and also that he has "very little indeed to criticise" :—

- (1) *In the unsigned sheet (between "A" and "B"), on iii recto, the spot above the e of "fynde" in line 15 is not in original.*
- (2) *B ii verso, "this page is too faint and 'muzzy' in places, especially where marked" [the first words of each line from line 4 from top to line 11 from the foot of the page]; the original is here "perfectly sharp and clear."*
- (3) *B iii verso, the spot above y in the name "Pyty" (line 8 from foot) is not in original.*

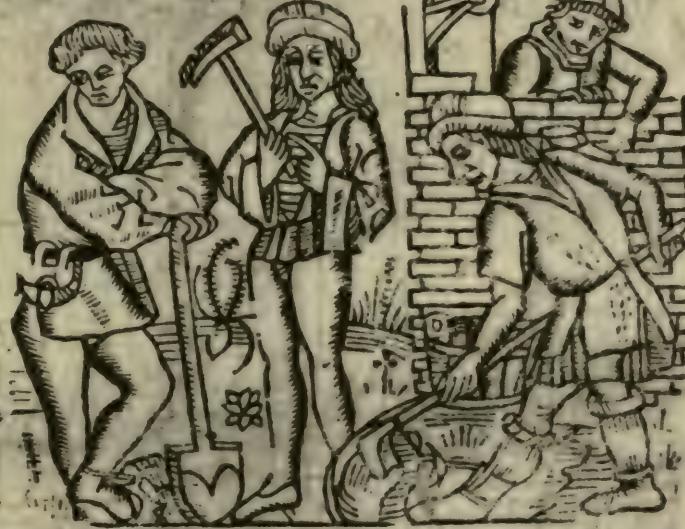
JOHN S. FARMER.

Hick Scornes.

Imp. of Wm
H. Morde

Hycke Scornes

DAVID GARRICK.



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BRITISH
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Pyte.

DOw Thū þ gencyll þ bought Adam fro hell.
Saue you all soueraynce & solas you sende
And or this mater that I begynne to tell
I praye you of audyence tyll I haue made an ende
For I laye to you my name is pyte
That euer yet hath ben mannes frende
In the boosome of the seconde persone in trynpte
I sprange as a plante marnes mylfe to amende
You toz to helpe I put to my honde
Recorde I take of mary that wepte teres of blode
I pyte within her herte dyde stonde
Whan she sawe her sone on the rode
The swerde of sorowe gaue that lady wounde
Whan a spere clau her lones herte a sondre
She cryed out and fell to the grounde
Thoughe she was woo hrt was lytell wonder
This delycate colour that goodly lady
Full pale and wanne she sawe her sone all deed
Splayed on a crosse with the fyue welles of pyte
Of purple veluet poudred with roses reed
Lo I pyte thus made your erande to be sped
O elles man for euer sholde haue ben forlorne
A mayden so layde his lyfe to wedde
Crowned as a kynge the thornes pycked hym sore
Charyte and I of true loue ledes the double rayne
Who so me loueth dampned never shall be
Of some vertuous company I wolde be sayne
For ast that wyll to heuen nedes must come by me
These porter I am in that heuenly cyte
And now here wyll I rest me a lytell space

Hyck.

A.ii.

Contem.
Placyon.

Pyte.

Contem.

Pyte.

Contem.

Tyll hyt please Ihesu of his grace
Some vertuous felyshyp for to sende
¶ Criste that was crystened crucyfyed & crownded
In his bosom true loue was gaged with a spere
His baynes braste & brosed and to a pyller bounde
With scourges he was lasshed þ knottes þ skyn tare
On his necke to caluary the grete crosse he bare
His blode ran to the grounde as scripture doth tel
His burden was so hevy that downe vnder it he fel
Lo I am kynne to the lord whiche is goddes lone
My name is wryten forment in the boke of lyfe
For I am perkyte contemplacion
And brother to holy chyrche þ is our lordes wylle
Johan baptyst Anchony & Iherome w many mo
Followed me here in holte herche and in wyldernes
I ruck with them went wherre they dyde go
Right & daye towarde the waye of ryghtwysenes
I am the chese lanterne of all holynes
Of prelates and preestes I am theyr patroun
No armure so stronge in no dystresse
Haberry on helme ne yet no telron
To fyght with satan I am the champion
That dare abyde and manfullly stonde
Fendes fle awye wherre they le me come
But I wyll shewe you why I came to this londe
For to preche and teche of goddes soch lawes
Ayenst byce þ dothe rebell ayenst hym & his lawes.
¶ God spedwe good brother fro whens came you now
¶ Sir I came frome perseueraunce to seke you
¶ Wher syz knowe you me
¶ Ye syz and haue done longe your name is pyte

¶ Your name fayne wolde I knowe
¶ In dede I am called contemplayon
That blesch to lyue solycarly
In wodes and in wyldernesle I walke alone
Bycause I wolde saye my prayers devoutly
I loue not with me to haue moche company
But perseuerance ofte with me doth mete
Whan I thynke on thoughtes that is full heuenly
Thus he and I togyder full swetely doth slepe
¶ I thanke god that we be mette togyder
¶ Sir I trut y pseuerance shortly wyll come hydet
¶ Than I thynke to here some good tydynge
¶ I warant you brother that he is comynge
¶ The eternali god that named was was messias
He gyue you grace to come to his glorie
Wher euer is Joye in the celestyall place
Whan you of sathan wynnethe the vctorp
Euery man ought to be gladde to haue iii company
For I am named good perseuerance
That euer is guyded by vertuous gouernaunce
I am never varyable but doth contynue
Styll goynge vppwarde the ladder of grace
And lode in me planted is so true
And fro y poore man I wyll never tourne my face
Whan I go by my selte ofte I do remembre
The grete knydnes that god shewed vnto man
For to be borne in the moneth of decembre
Whan the daye waxeth hore and the nyght longt
Of his goodnessse that chamyon stropge
Descended downe fro the fader of ryghewysnes
And rested in mary the floure of mekenes

¶ Pyte.
¶ Contem.

Hick,

A.iii.

Now to this place hyder come I am
To seke contemplacyon my knynnesman
Contem. ¶ What brother perseurance ye be welcome
Perseue. ¶ And so be you also contemplacyon
Contem. ¶ Loo here is our mayster pyte
Perseue. ¶ Now truly ye be welcome in to this countre
Pyte. ¶ I thanke you hertely sy; perseurance
Perseue. ¶ Mayst pyte one thyng is com to my remembraunce
what tythynges here you now
Pyte. ¶ Sy; such as I can I shall shewe you
I haue herde many men complayne pyteously
They saye they be smyten w the swerde of pouerty
In every place where I do go
Fewe frendes pouerte deoth fynde
And these ryche men ben vnykynde
For they nyghbours they wyll noughe do
Wydowes doo: h curse lordes and gentyll men
For they constraine them to mary with theyz men
ye wheder they wyll or no
Men mary for good and that is dampnable
ye with olde women that is fyfry and beyonde
The peryll now no man drede wyll
All is not goddes lawe that is vled in londe
Beware wyll they not tyll deth in his honde
Taketh his swerde & smytek alsonder þ lye bayne
And w his mortall stroke cleueth þ herte at wayne
They trust so in mercy the lanterne of bryghtnesse
That no thyng do they drede goddes ryghtwysnesse

Perseue. ¶ O Ihesu sy; here is a heuy rydynge
Pyte. ¶ Sy; this is trewe that I do bryng
Contem. ¶ How am I beloued mayster pyte where ye come



CIn good saythe people haue now small deuocyon Pyte.

And as soz with you brother contemplacyon

There medleth fewe or none

TYes I trust that prestes loue me wele

CBut a fewe I wys and some never adele

CWhi syz without me they maye not lyue clene

CMay p is p leest thoughe p they haue of sytene

And that maketh me full heuy

CHow trouwe you that there be no remedy

CFull harde soz synne is now so greuous and yll

That I thynke that it be growen to an impossyble

And yet one thyng maketh me euer mournyng

That prestes lack vterance to shewe theyr cunyng

And al the whyle that clerkes do vse so grete synne

Amonge the lay people loke never for no mendyng

CAll that is a heuy case

That so grete synne is vised in every place

I praye god hyt amende

CNow god that euer hath ben mannes frende

Some better tydylges soone vs lende

For now I must be gone

Fare well good darcherne hers

I grete erande I haue elles where

That must nedes be done

I trust I wyll not longe tary

Cheder wyll I hye me shortely

And come agayne whan I haue done

CHyder agayne I trust you wyll come

Therefore god be with you

CSyr nedes I must departe now

Ihesu me spedē this daþe

Wyck.

Content.

Pyte.

Content.

Pyte.

Content.

Pyte.

Pervse.

Content.

Pervse.

Content.

Lxxii.

Perseue. Now brother contemplacion let us go our waye
Frewyll. Awake felowes and stande a roume
How saye you am not I a goodly personage
I crowe you knowe not suche ageste
What syres I tell you my name is frewyll
I maye chose wheder I do good or yll
But for all that I wyll do as me lyk
My condycyons ye knowe not perde
I can fyght chyde and be mery
full loone of my company ye wolde be very
And you knewe all
What syll the cup and make good cheare
I crowe I haue a noble here
Who lente hyc me by cryste a frere
And I gaue hym a fall
Where be ye syr be ye at home
Rockes passyon my noble is tourned to a stome
Where laye I last beshewe your herte Jones
Now by these bones she hathe begyled me
Let se a peny my souper a pece of flessh. x. pence
My bedde ryght waught let all this expence
Now by these bones I haue lost an halffeny
Who kepe there my felowe Imagynacyon
He and I had good communycacyon
O syr Johan and sydbell
How they were spyd in bedde togwyder
And he prayed heroste to come thyder
For to syngs lo le lo lowe
They twayne togwyder had good sporte
But at the stawes syde I lost a grote
I crowe I shall never rythe.

St. 6. made in my daye

My felowe promysed me here to mete
But I crowe the horesone be a slept
With a wenche some where
How Imagynacyon come hyder
And you thryue I lose a feder
Beschorwe your herte appere
What how how who called after me
Come nere ye shall never I the
where haue ye be so longe
By god with me hyt is all wronge
I haue a payze of sore buttoches
All in Irons was my longe
Euen now I satte gyued in a payze of stockes
Cockes passyon and how so
Syr I wyl tell you what I haue do
I mette with a wenche and she was sayze
And of loue hercyle I dyde praye her
And so promysed her monaye
Syr she wynnked on me and sayd nought
But by her loke I knewe her thought
Than in to loues daunce we were brought
That we played the pyrdewy
I wote not what we dyde togyder
But a knaue catchpoll nyghed vs nere
And so dyde vs alwyse
A strype he gaue me I sledde my touche
And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche
By your leue he leste me neuver a peny
Loo nought heue I but a buckyll
Ane yet I can Imagen thynges sotyll
For to get monaye plenty

Imagynacyon
Frewyll

Frewyll
Imagynacyon

Imagynacyon
Frewyll

In westmyster hall every terme I am
To me is kynne many a grete gentyll man
I am knownen in euery countre
And I were deed the lawyers thryfte were lost
For this wyll I do yf men wolde do cost
Proue ryght wronge and all by treason
And make men lese bothe hous and londe
For all that they can do in a lytell season
Peche men of treason preuyly I can
And whan me lyft to hange a trewe man
If they wyll me monaye tell
Theues I can helpe out of pryslon
And in to lordes fauours I can get me soone
And be of theyr prouy counsayll
But frewyll my dere broder
Salve you not of hyckscorner
He promyzed me to come hyder
Why syz knowest thou hym

Frewyll.
Imagy.

Cye ye man he is full nyne of my kynne
And in newgate we dwelled togyder
For he and I were bothe shakeled in a fetter
CSy, laye you beneth or on hye on the seller
CSay wrys aniōgry thyckest of yemē of the collar
CBy god than ye were in grete feare
CSy had not I be, cc. had be thralst in anhalter
CAnd what lyfe haue they there al that grete sorte
CBy god sy, ones a yere som taw halts of burport
ye at tyburne there stondeth the grete frame
And some take a fall that maketh theyr neck lame
Cye but can they than go no more
CONo man the wrost is wyste so soze

Frewyll.
Imagy.

For as soone as they haue sayd in man⁹ tuas ones
By god theyr brethe is stopped at oncs

¶ Why do they praye in that place there

Cye syz they stonde in grete fere

And so fast tangled in that snare

Hyt falleth to theyr lotte to haue the same share

¶ That is a knauissh syght to se thē cott on a beme

¶ Syz the horesones coude not conuaye clene

For and they coude haue carayd by crachte as I can

In pcesse of yeres eche of thē sholde be a gēryll mā

yet as for me I was never thefe

If my hādes were smytcē of I can stele w my fethe

For ye knowe well there is crachte in daubyngē

I can loke in a mannes face and' pycke his purse

And tell newe tydypges þ was never trewe ywys

For my hood is all lyned with lesynge

Cye but wente ye never to cybutne a pylgrymage

¶ No ywys nor none of my lygnages

For we be clerkes all and can our necke verie

And w an oyntment the Juges hāde I can grcce

That wyl hele sores that be bncurable

¶ Why were ye never founde reprovable

Cyes ones I stall a hors in the felde

And lepte on hym for to haue ryden my wape

At the last a bayly me mette and behelde

And badde me stonde than was I in a fraye

He asked wheder with that hors I wolde gon

And than I tolde hym hyt was myne owne

He sayd I hadde stollen hym and I sayde naye

This is sayd he my brothers hacknays

for and I had not scusid me without fayle

Frewyll

Image.

Frewyll

Image.

Frewyll

Image.

Frewyll

Image.

By our lady he wolde haue lad me straute to Tayle
And than I tolde hym þ horse was lyke myne
A browne baye a longe mane & dyde halte behyne
Thus I tolde hym þ such an other hors I dyde lacke
And yet I never sawe hym nor came on his backe
So I deliuered hym the hors agayne
And whan he was gone than was I fayne
For and I had not sculed me the better
I knowe well I sholde haue daunsed in a fetter
¶ And sayd he nomore to me but so
¶ Yes he pretended me moche harme to do
But I tolde hym that mornyng wns a grete myste
That what horse hys was I ne wiste
Also I sayd that in my heed I had the megryne
That made me dasell so in myn eyen
That I myght not well se
And thus he departed shortely frome me,
¶ Ye but where is hyckscorner now
¶ Some of these yonge men hathe hydde hym in
theyz bolomes I warrant you
¶ Let vs make a crye that he maye vs here
¶ How how hyckscorner appere
I crowe thou be hyde in some cornere
¶ Ale the helme ale vere shot of vere sayle vera
¶ Cockes body herke he is in a shyppe on the see
¶ God spede god spede who called after me
¶ What brother welcume by this precyous body
I am gladdie that I you se
Hye was tolde me that ye were hanged
But out of what countre come ye
Hyckscor, ¶ Say I haue ben in many a countre

As in fraunce Iclonde and in spayne
Port yngale scyall also in almayne
Fressonde flauders and in burgoyne
Calabre poyle and erragoyne
Brytayne byske and also in gascoyne
Naples grece and in myddes of scotlonde
At cape saynt byncent & in the newe londe
I haue ben in gene and in cowe
Also in the londe of rumbelowe
Thre myle out of hell
At rodes constantyne and in babylonde
In cornewale and in no northumberlonde
Where men sethe russhes in gruell
Ye syr in caldey tartare and Jude
And in þ londe of womer þ fewe men dothe fynde
In all these countres haue I be
CSyþ what tydylges here ye now on the see *Fredwyll.*
CWe mette of shypes a grete nauie *Hycklson.*
Full of people that wolde in to Iclonde
And they came out of this countre
They wyll never more coine to englond
CWhens were þ shypes of them knowest þ none *Imagy.*
CHetke & I wyll shewe you theyr names eche one *Hycklson.*
Fyrst was the regent with the myghell of brykylle
The george with the galryell and the anne of foye
The starre of salte assye with the Ihesus of pluoth
Also the hermytage with the barbara of darmouth
The nycolas and the mary bellouse of brystowe
With the glyn of london and James also
Grete was the people that was in them
All truttelgyous and holy women

There was trouthe and his kynnesman
With pacience mekenes and humylye.
And all true maydens with theyr vyrgynyte
Byall prechers sadnes and charyte
Byght concyence and fayth with deuocyon
And all true monkes that kepte theyr relyon
True byers and sellers and almes dede doers
Wyteous peop'le that be of synne destroyers
With Just abstynence and good counselyllers
Mourners for synne with lamentacyon
And good ryche men þ helpeth folke out of prysyon
True wedlocke was there also
With yonge men that euer in prayer dyde go
The shypes were iadē w liche vnhappy company
But at the laste god shope a remedy
For they all in the see were drounde
And on a quycke sonde they strake to grounde
The see swalowed them everychone
I wote wote well alyue ther scape none

Imagy.

Hyckscor.

Fredwyll.

Hyckscor.

Lo now my herte is gladde and mery
For I se them all dyvined in the case of Iclonde
Fellowes they shall never moxe vs withstande
For I se them all dyvined in the case of Iclonde
Cye but yet herke hyckescorne
What company was in your shyppe that came ouer
Syr I wyll sayd you to vnderstante
There were good felawes aboue fyue thousande
And all they ben kynne to vs thre
There was falshode fauell and solylte
ye theues and hoires with other good company
Lyers bacbyters and slaterers the whyle



Brauler's lyers getters and chyders
Walkers by nyght with gret e murdererſ
Overthwarte gyle and Joly carderſ
Oppreſſerſ of people with many ſwererſ
There was falſe lawe with oxyble vengeaunce
Frowarde obſtynacyō w myſteuous gouernaunce
Wanton wenches and alſo mycherſ
With many other of the deuylles offycerſ
And haterede that is ſo myghty and Stronge
Hath made auowe for euer to dwell in englonde
But is that truthe that thou doſte ſhewe now
Syr cuery worde as I do tell you
Of whens is your ſhyppe of london
Pe pwoys frome thens dyde ſhe come
And ſhe is named the enuy
I tell you a grete vefell and a myghty
The owner of her is caſled yll wyll
Brother to Jacke poller of shoters hyll
Syr what offyce in the ſhyppe bare ye
Mary I kepte a fayre ſhoppe of baudrye
I had thye wenches that were full praty
Jane true and thyftles and wanton ſybble
If ye ryde her a Journay ſhe wyll make you wery
For ſhe is truly at uede
If ye wyll hyre her for your pleasure
I warrant tere her ſhall ye never
She is ſo ſure in dede
Wyde and you wyll ten tymes adaye
I warrant you ſhe wyll never ſaye naye
By lyfe I dare laye to wedde
Now plucke vp your hertes & make good cheare Imagy.

Imagy.
Hyckſcor.
Freywill.
Hyckſcor.

Imagy.
Hyckſcor.

These tydylges lyketh me wonder wele
Now vertu shall drawe a vere a vere
Herke felous a good spore I can you tell
At the stus we wyll lye to nyght
And by my trouth yf all go aryght
I wyll begyle some pray wenche
To gette me monaye at a pynche
How saye you shall we go thyder
Let vs kepe company all togyder
And I wolde that we had goddes curs
If we some wher do not get a purse
Euery man bere his dagger naked in his honde
And yf we mete a treue man make hym sondre
Or elles that he bere a strype
If that he struggle ond make ony werke
Lyghtly stryke hym to the herte
And thowbe hym into temmes quyte

Fredyll.

Imagy.

Fredyll.

Imagy.

Hycscoz

Imagy.

Hycscoz

Imagy.

Maye thre knaves in a lease is good at nale

But thou lubber Imagynacyon

That cukcolde thy fader wher is he become

At newgate dothe he ly styl at gayle

Quaunt horen lone thou shalte bere me a strype

Sayst thou that my moder was a hore

Maye sy but the last nyght

I lawe sy Johne and she tumbled on the flore

Now by cockes herte thou shalte lose an arme

Maye sy I charge you do hym no harme

And y make to moche I wyll breke thy heed to

By saynt mary and I wist that I wolde be aga

Quare aware the horen lone shall aby

His prest wyll I be by cockes body

Cepe pease lest knaues blode be shedde Hyckscoz.
CBy god ys his was nought my was as badde Frewyll.
CBy kockes herte he shall dye on this dager Imagy.
CBy our lady then wyll ye be strangled in a halter Hycklcoz.
CThe horesone shall etc hy as fer as he shyll wade Imagy.
CWelshew your herte and put vp your blade Hycklcoz.
Shethe your whytell or by hyz y was never borne
I wyll rappe you on the costarde with my horne
What wyll ye playe all the knaue
CBy kockes herte and thou a buffet shalte haue Imagy.
CLo syrres here is a sayre company god vs saue Frewyll.
For ys ony of vs thre be mayre of london
Iwys ywys I wyll tyde to come on my thom
Alas a le is not this a grete seres
I wolde they were in a myll pole aboue the eres
And thā I durtē warrant they wold departe anone
Chelpe helpe for the passyon of my soule Hyckscoz.
He hath made a grete hole in my poule
That all my wyte is set to the grounde
Alas a leche for to helpe my wounde
CNaye ywys horesone I wyll bete the or I go Imagy.
CAlas good syr what haue I do Frewyll.
CWare make come he shall haue a stripe I trowe Imagy.
CPeas peas syrres I commaunde you Pyte.
CSuaunt olde churle whens comest thou Imagy.
And thou make to moche I shall brcke thy browe
And lende the home agē ne
CA good syr the peas I wolde haue kepte fayne Pyte.
Myne offyce is to se no man slayne
And where they do amyle to gyue the good coulseyl
Synne to forsake and goddes lawe them tell
W.i.

Imagy. ¶ Sir I wende thou haddest ben drowned & gone
But I haue spyd that there scaped one
Hyckscor. ¶ Imagynacyon do by the counseyl of me
Be a greed with frewyll & lette vs good felowes be
And than as for this chorle pyte
Shall curse the tyme that euer he came to londe
Imagy. ¶ Brother frewyll gyue me your honde
And all myne yll wyll I forgyue the
Frewyll. ¶ Sir I thanke you hertely
But what shall we do with this chorle pyte
Imagy. ¶ I wyll go to hym and pyke a quarell
And make hym a thefe and saye he dyde stelle
Frewyll. ¶ Of myne forty pounde in a bagge
By god that tydynges wyll make hym sadde
And I wyll go fetche a payre of gyues
For in good faythe he shal besette fast by the heles
Hyckscor. ¶ Haue ado lyghtly and be gone
And let vs swayne with hym alone
Frewyll. ¶ Now farewell I beshewe you euery chone
Hyckscor. ¶ Ho ho frewyll you thewe and no mo
Imagy. ¶ Thou lewde felowe sayst þ that thy name is pite
Who lente the hyder to controll me
Pyte. ¶ Good syz hyt is my properte
For to dylpple synfull lyuyngc
And unto vertu men to bryngc
If that they wyll do after me
Imagy. ¶ What syz arte thou so ſpe holy
I se this captyfe wolde be prayzed I trowe
And you thyngue this yere I wyll lose a peny
No syres outwarde he bereth a fayre face
But and he mette with a wenche in a preuy place

I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace
By god ye maye trust me
C Loo wyll ye not se this caytyues menyng
He wolde destroye vs all and all our kynne
yet had I leuer se hym hanged by the chynne
Rather than that sholde be brought aboute
And with this dager thou shalte haue a cloute
Without thou wytte be lyghtly be gone
C Raye brother lape honde on hym soone
For he laped my wyfe and made me cukolde
And yet the traytoue was so bolde
That he stale forty pounde of myne in monaye
C By la ynt marty than he shall not scape
We wyll led hym streyght to newgate
For euer there shall he lye
C Al se a se syres what I haue brought
A medycyne for a payre of sore synnes
At the kynges benche syres I haue you sought
But I praye you who shall were these
C By god this felowe that maye not go hence
I wyll go gyue hym these hole rynges
Now ysayche they be worth forty pence
But to his hondes I lacke two bondes
C Hoide hoizone here is an halter
Bynde hym fast and make hym sute
C O men let trouh that is the trewe man
Be your guyder or elles ye be forlorne
Laye no fals wytnes as nye as ye can
On none for afterwarde ye wyll repent hyt full sore
C Raye naye I care not therfore
Cye whan my soule hāgethon þ hedge cast stones.

Hyck.

B.ii.

Hyckscor.

Image.

Hyckscor

Fredwyll.

Hyckscor.

Image.

Pyte.

Fredwyll.

Hyckscor.

For I tell the playnly by kockes bones
Thou halte be guyded and layd in Irons
They fared euен so

Ppte.

Imagr.

Ppte.

C Awaye syr what haue I do
C Well well that thou shalte knowe or thou ga
C O syres I se hyt can not be amended
you do me wronge for I haue not offended
Remembre god that is our heuen kyng
For he wyl rewarde you after your deseruyng
Whan deth with his mace dooth you are est
We all to hym owe servit and scruyce
fro the ladder of lyfe downe he wyl the threste
Than maystershypp may not helpe nor grete offyce
Freddyll. C What deth and he were here he sholde syt by þ
C Trouwest thou that he be able to scryue wþ vs thre
Nay nay nay

Imagr.

C Well felawes now let vs go our waye

for at shoters hyll we haue agame to playe
In good fayth I wyl carry no lender space
Freddyll. C Byshewe hym for me þ is last out of this place
Ppte. C Lo lordes they may curs þ tyme they were borne
for the wedes that ouer groweth the corne
They troubled me gyltelesse and wote not why
for goddes loue yet wyl I suffre paciently
we all may say weleaway for synne þ is now adaye
Loo vertue is vanisched for euer and aye
Worse was hyt never

We haue plente of gret othes
And clothe ynowghe in our clothes
But charyte many men lothes
Worse was hyt never

Alas now is lechery called loue in dede
And murdure named manhode in every nede
Exorsyon is called lawe so god me spede
Worse was hyst nener
YOUTH walketh by nyght with swerdes & knyues
And euer amonge true men leseth theyr lyues
Lyke heretykes we occupy other mennes wyues
Now a dayes in englonde
Baudes be þ dystryers of many yonge women
And full lewds counscyll they gyue vnto them
How you do mary beware you yonge men
The wif e never taryeth to longe
There be many grete scorners
But for synne there be fewe mourners
We haue but fewe true louers
In no place now a dayes
There be many goodly gylte knyues
And I trowe as well apparylled wyues
Yet many of them be vntithyfry of theyr lyues
And all set in pryde to go gaye.
Mayers on synne dooth no correccyon
With gentyll men bereth trouthe adowne
Auoutry is fussed in euery towne
Amendymant is there none
And goddes comandementes we breke them all.
Deuocyon is gone many dayes syn
Let vs amende vs we trewe crystyn men
O deth make you grone
Courtiers go gaye and take lytell wages
And many with harlottes at the tauerne hauntes
They be yemen of the wrethe þ be shakled in gyues

Hyckscoz.

B.iii.

On themselves they haue no pyte.
God punyssheth full soze with grete lekenesse
As pockes pestylence purple and aches
Some dyeth sodeynly that deeth full peryllous
Yet was ther never so grete pouerte
There be some sermons made by noble doctoures
But truly the fende bothe stoppe mennes eres
For god nor good man some people not ferres
Worse was hyt never
All trouthis not best sayd
And our prechers now adayes be halfe afraide
Whan we do amende god wolde be well apayde
Worse was hyt never

Contem.
Perseue.
Pyte.

What mayster pyte how is hyt with you
C Sy, we be sorie to se you in this case now
C Whetherne here were thre peryllous men
Frewyll hyckscorner and Imagynacyon
They sayd I was a thefe and layd felonie vpon me
And bounde we in Irons as ye maye see
Where be the traytors become nowe
C In good saythe I can not shew you
Brother let vs vnburnde hym of his bondes
C Unloose the fete and the hondes
C I thanke you for your grete kyndnes
That you shew us in this dysstress
For they were men without ony mercy
That deliueith all in myschefe and tyranney
C I thynke they wyll come hyder agayne
Frewyll and Imagynacyon bothe twayne
Them wyll I exhort to vertuous luyng
And unto vertu them to bryng

Contem.
Pyte.
Perseue.
Contem.
Pyte.

Perseue.



By the helpe of you contemplacyon
Do my counselyll brother pyte
Go you and seke them throughe the countre
In byllage towne bourghe and cyte
Throughe out all the realme of englonde
Whan you them mete lyghtly them arrest
And in prysyon put them faste
Bynde them sure in Irons stronge

Fox they be so faste and sotyle
That they wyll you begyle

And do true men wronge

Brother pyte do as he hath sayd
In every quarter loke you alwyse
And let good watche for them be layde
In all the haast that thou can and that pryueley
Fox and they come hyder they shall not scape
Fox all the crafte that they can make

Well than wyll I hye me as fast as I maye
And trauayle throughe every countre
Good watche shall be layde in every waye
That they stèle not in to lencwary
Now fare wele bretherne and praye for me.

Fox I must go hens indeede

Now god be your good spende

And euer you defende whan you haue nedē.

Now bretherne bothe I thanke you

Make you come for a gentylman lys and pease fydyll
Duegarde seymours tout le p̄casse
And of your Iangelynge ys ye wyll scase
I wyll tell you whare I haue bene
Syres I was at the tauerne and dronke wyne

Contem.

Persone.

Pyte.

Persone.

Contem.

Pyte.

fydyll.

Me thought I sawe a pece that was lyke myne
And syr all my fyngers were arrayed withlyme
So I conuayued a cuppe manerly
And yet swys I played all the sole
For there was a sceler of myne owne scole
And syr the horzelone aspyed me
Than was I rested and brought in pryon
For woo than I wiste not what to haue done
And all Bycause I lacked monaye
But a frende in courte is worth a peny in purs
For Imagynacyon myne owne felowe Swys
He dydde helpe me out full craftely
Syres he walked throughe holborne
Thre houres after the sonne was downe
And walked vp towarde saynte gyles in the felde
He houed styll and there behelde
But there he coude not sped of his praye
And strayght to ludgate he toke the waye
ye wote well that potycaryes walke very late
He came to a dore and pruely spake
To a prentes for a peny worth of bforbyum
And also for a halfpeny worth of alom plomme
This good seruaunte serued hym shortely
And layd is there ought elles that you wolde bye
Thā he asked for a mouthfull of quycke byrnstone
And downe in to þ seller whā the seruat was gone
Alyde as he best his eye
Agrete bagge of monaye dydde he spye
therin was an hondred pounde
He trussed hym to his fete ar'd yede his waye rounde
He was lodged at nedigate at the swanne

And every man toke hym for a gentyll man
So on the morowe he delyuered me
Out of newgate by this polyc
And now wyll I daunce an make ryall chere
But I wolde Imagynacyon were here
For he is percles at nedde
Labour to hym syntes yf ye wyl your maters spede
Now wyll I synge and lustely spryng
But whan my feters on my legges dyde tyng
I was not gladde perde but now hey trolly lolly
Let vs se who can descownt on this lame
To laughe and gete manaye hyt were a goed game
What whome haue we here
A preest a douctoure or elles a frere
What mayster doctour dotypoll
Can not you preche well in a blacke boll
Or dyspute ony dy:ynpte
If ye be tunnyng I wyll put hyt in a prefe
Good syz why do men ete mustarde with befe
My questyon can you assotle me
Preas man thou talkest lewddy
And of thy lyuyng I reed ainende the
Quaunt catyfe doost thou thou me
I am come of good kynne I tell the
My moder was a lady of the stewes blode borne
And knyght of the halter my fader ware an horne
Therefore I take hyt in full grete scorne
That thou sholdest thus cheke me
I abyde felowe thou cast lytell curtesye
Thou shalte be charmed or thou hens pale
For thou troubled pyte and layd on hym felonye

Hyscor.

C.i.

Perseue.

Frewyll.

Contem.

Where is Imagynacyon thy felawe that was
Frewyll. ¶ I defy you bothe wyll you arrest me
Perleue. ¶ Naye nare thy grete wordes maye not helpe the
fro vs thou shalte not escape
Frewyll. ¶ Make come syres that I maye breke his pate
I wyll not be taken for them bothe
Contem. ¶ Thou shalt abyde whether thou be leue or lothe
Therefore good sone lysten vnto me
And marke these wordes that I do tell the
Thou hast folowed thyne one wyll many a daye
And lyued in synne without amendment
Therefore in thy conceyte assayle
To axe god mercy and kepe his commandement
Than on the he wyll haue pyre
And brynghe the to heuen that Joyfull cyre
¶ What horesone wyll ye haue me now a sole
Naye yet had I leuer be captayne of calays
For and I sholde do after your scole
Tolerne to pater to make me peuyssle
Yet had I leuer loke with a face full cheuysshe
And therfore prate no lenger here
Leest my knaues fyse hytte you vnder the yere
What ye dawes wolde ye reed me
For to lesele my pleasure in youth and Jolyte
To basse and kysse my swete trully muly
As Jane care besse and sybble
I wolde that hell were full of liche pynnnes
Than wolde I renne thyder on my pynnnes
As fast as I myght go
Perleue. ¶ Why sy, wylte thou not loue vertu
And forsake thy synne for the loue of god almyghty

CWhat god almyghty by goddes fast at salisbury Frewyll
And I crowe ester day fell on whytsonday þ yere
There were. v. score sauе an hondred in my company
And at pety Judas we made ryall therre
There had we good ale of myghelmas bryngynge
There heuen hye lepynge and spryngynge

And thus dyde I
Lepe out of burdeaux vnto caunterbury

Almost ten myle bytwene

Crewyll for sake all this worlde wylfully here Content,
And chaunge by tyme þ oughtest to stonde in fere
For fortune wyl tourne her wherie to swyftē

That clene fro thy welthe she wyl the lyfte

Cwhat list me who a Imaginacion were here now Frewyll
Iwys with his syst he wolde all tocloute you

Hens horesone tary no lenger here

For by saynt pyncell the apostell I swere

That I wyl dypue you boche home

And yet I was neuer wonte to fyght alone

Alas that I had not one to bolde me

Than you sholde se me playe the man shamfully

Alas hyt wolde do me good to fyght

How saye you lordes shall I smyce

Haue amonge you by this lyght

Hens horesones and home at ones

O; with my wepen I shall breke your bones

Auaunt you knaue walke by my counseyl

CSone rememb're the gretc paynes of hell

They are so horryble that no tonge can tell

Beware lest thou thyder do go

CPlaye by saynt mary I hope not so.

Hyckl. 92.

C.ii.

Perseuer.

Frewyll.

I wyll not go to þ deuyll whyle I haue my lyberte
He shall take þ laboure to fet me & he wyl haue me
For he that wyll go to hell by his wyll voluntary
The deuyll and the woxlewynde go with hym
I wyll you never fro thens tydyinges bryngē
Go you before and shewe me the waye
And as to folowe you I wyll not saye naye
For by goddes body and you be in ones
By the masse I wyll shytte the doze at ones
And than ye be take in a pytfall

Contem. Now Ihesus soone defende vs frome that hole
For (qui est in inferno nulla est redemptio)

Holy Job spake these wordes full longe ago

Frewyll. Nay I haue done & you lade out latyn w scopes
But therwith can you cloute me a payre of botes
By our lady ye sholde haue some werke of me
I wolde haue them well vnderlayd and easely
For I vse alwaye to go ou the one syde
And trowe ye how by god in the stockes I late tyde
I trowe a thre wekes and more a lytell stounde
And there I laboured soze daye by daye
And so I tted my shone inward in good faye
Lo therfore me thynke you must soule them rosidē
If you haue ony newe botes apayre I wolde by
But I thynke your pycce be to h̄e
Sȳ ones at newgate I bought a payre of sterups
A myghty payre and a stronge
A hole yere I ware them so longe
But they came not fully to my knee
And to cloute them hyt cost not me a peny
Cuen now & ye go thyder ye shall fynde a grete hepe

And you spekes my name ye shall haue good cheſe

Chry we came neuer there ne neuer shall do Perſeu.

Mary I was taken in a trap there & tyde by þ to frewyll

That I halterd a grete whyle and myght not go

I wolde ye bothe late as fast ther

Than holde ye daunce as a bere

And all all by gangelyngc of your chaynes

Why sir were ye there

Cye and that is scene by my braynes

For or I came there I was as wylle as a woodcock

And I thanke god as wytte as a haddocke

yet I trust to recouer as other dole

For and I had ones as moche wyte as a goſe

I holde be marchaunt of the banke

Of golde than I holde haue many a stanke

For þt I myȝt make, iii. good byages to shotershyl

And haue wynde and weder at my wyll

Than wolde I neuer trauell the see more

But hyt is harde to kepe the shyppe fro the shore

And yf hyt happe to rysse a storme

Than thowen in a rase and so aboute borne

On rockes or brachis for to conne

Elles to stryke a grounde at tyborne

That were a myscheuous case

For that rocke of tyborne is so peryllous a place

Yonge galauntes dare not venture in to kente

But whan they monaye is gone and spente

With they longe botes they rowe on the baye

And ony man of warre lye by the waye

They must take a bote and thowen the helme ale

And full harde hyt is to scape that grete Jeopardye

Hyckſco.

Contem.

Freddyll.

C.iii.

For at last thomas of wattenhege & they syke a sayle
Thā mulsie they ryde in þ haue of hepe wout sayle
And were not these two Jeoperdo⁹ places in dede
There is many a marchaut that thyder wolde spedē
But yet we haue a sure cancell at westmynster
A thoulāde shypes of theues therin may ryde sure
For þf they may haue ankerholde & grete spedynge

Persone. ¶ Good woote syr there is a pyteous lyuyng
Than ye dñe not the grete mayster aboue

Sone forsake thy myssle & his loue
And than mayst thou come to the blysse also

Frewyll. ¶ Why what wolde you that I sholde do

Contem. ¶ for to go to warde heuen

Frewyll. ¶ Mary and you wyll me thyder bryngē

I wolde do after you

Persone. ¶ I praye you remembre my wordes now

Frewyll bethynke the that thou shalte dye

And of the houre thou arte vncertayne

Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde a remedy

for and thou dye in synne all laboure is in bayne

Than shall thy soule be styll in payne

Losse and dampned for euernoze

Helpē is past thoughē thou wolde sayne

Than thou wylte curse þ tyme that thou were bore

Frewyll. ¶ Soyr if ye wyll bndettake that I sauēd shall be

I wyll do all the penaunce that you wyll sette me

Contem. ¶ If that thou for thy synnes besory

Our lord wyl forgyue the them

Frewyll. ¶ Now of all my synnes I axe god mercy

Here I forsake synne and trust to amende

I beseche Ihesu that is moost myghty
To forgyue all that I haue offendē
¶ Our lordē now wyll shewe the his mercy
A newe name thou nede none haue
For all that wyll to heuen hye
By his owne frewyll he must forslake folye
Than is he sure and saue
¶ Holde here a newe garment
And here after lyue deuoutly
And for thy synnes do euer repente
Sorowē for thy synnes is very remedy
And frewyll euer to vertue applye
Also to sadnes gye ye attendaunce
Let hym neuer out of remembraunce
¶ I Wyll neuer frome you syr perseuerance
With you wyll I abyde bothe daye and nyght
Of mynde neuer to be varyable
And goddes comandementes to kepe them tyght
In deed and worde and euer full stable
¶ Than heuen thou shalte haue without fable
But loke that thou be stedfastre
And let thy mynde with good wyll laste
¶ Housse housse housse who sent after me
I am Imagynacyon full of Joynte
Lordē that my herte is lyght
Whan shall I peryshe I trowe never
By cryst I recke not a fedre
Euen now I was dubbed a knyght
Wherē at tyborne of the coller
And of the strewes I am made controller
Of all the houses of lechery

¶ Perseue.

¶ Contem.

¶ Frewyll

¶ Perseue.

¶ Imagyr.

There shall no man playe ducry there
At the bell hertes horne ne elles wher?
Without they haue leue of me
But syres wote ye why I am come hyder
By our lady togyder good company togyder
Haue ye not of my felawe frewyll
I am aferde lest he be serchyng on a hyll
By god than one of vs is begyled
What felawe is this that in this cote is syled
Rockes deth whome haue we here
What frewyll myn owne fere
Arte thou out of thy mynde

Frewyll

Imagy.

Frewyll

Imagy.

Frewyll.

Imagy.

Frewyll

Imagy.

Frewyll.

Imagy.

Frewyll

Imagy.

¶ God grauntethe way to heuen that I may synde
For I for sake thy company
¶ Goddes armes my company and why
¶ For thou lyuest to synfully
¶ Alas tell me how hyt is with the
¶ For sake thy synne for the loue of me
¶ Rockes herce arte thou waxed made
¶ Wha I thynke on my synne it makes me ful lade
¶ Goddes woundes who gaue the that counsell
¶ Perseuerauire and contemplacyon I the tell
¶ A vengcaunce on them I wolde they were in hell
¶ Amendē Imagynacyon and mercy crye
¶ By goddes sydes I hadde leuer be haged on hye
Naye that wolde I not do I hadde leuer dye
By goddes passyon and I hadde alonge knyfe
I wolde ber eue these two horzelones of they; lyfe
How how twenty pounde for a dagger
Contem. ¶ das peas good lone and speke softer
And amende or deth draue his daught

For on thc he wyl stel full soſte
He gyueth neuer no man warnginge
And euer to the he is comynge
Therefore remembre the well
Ca horeſone ye I were Tayler of hell Imagy.
I wyl ſome ſorow we ſhoulde thou ſele
For to the deuyll I wolde the ſell
Than ſhoulde ye haue many a ſorw mele
I wyll neuer gyue you mete ne dyngke
Ye ſhoulde fast horeſones tylle ye dyde ſtyncke
Euen as a roten dogge ye by ſaint tyburne of kent
CImagynacyon thyngke what god dyd for the Perſone.
On good crydayc he hanged on a tre
And spent all his preuous blode
I ſpere dyde ryue his herie a ſonder
The gates he brake vp with a clappc of thundre
And Adam and eve therre delyuered he
CWhat deuyll what is that to me Imagy.
By goodes ſaſt I was ten yere in newgate
And many more felawes with me ſate
Yet he neuer came there to helpe me ne my company
Cyes he holpe the or thou haddeſt not ben here now Contem.
By the malle I can not ſhewe you Imagy.
For he and I neuer dranke togidre
yet I knowe many an ale ſtakē
Neyther at þ ſtues I wylle hym neuer come thyder
Gooth he arayed in whyte or in blacke
For and he out of pryson hadde holpe me
I knowe well ones I ſhoulde hym ſe
What gowne wereth he I praye you
CSyr he halpe you out by his myght Perſone.

Imagy. ¶ I can not tell you by this lyght
But me thought that I laye there to longe
And the horesone fetters were so stronge
That hadde almost brought my necke out of Joynt
Perleue. ¶ Amende sone and thou shalt knowe hym
That deluyered the out of prylon
And yf thou wylt for sake thy mylfe
Surely thou shalt come to the blysse
Image. ¶ And be inherytoure of heuen
¶ What syz aboue the mone
Maye by the masse than sholde I fall soone
Yet I kepe not to clymme so hye
But to clymme to a byrdes neste
There is none bytwene eest and weste
That dare thereto ventre better than I
But to ventre to heuen what and my fete syppe
I knowe well than I sholde breke my necke
And by god than hadde I the worse syde
yet had I leuer be by the nose tyde
In a wenches ars somewhere
Rather than I wolde stande in that grete fere
For to go vp to heuen naye I praye you lette be
¶ Imagynacyon wylte þ do by the coulseyll of me
¶ Eye syz by my trouthe what somauer it be
Frewyll. ¶ Amende yet for my sake
Hyt is better be tyme than to late
How saye you wyll you goddes hestes fulsyll
Image. ¶ I wyll do syz euен as you wyll
But I praye you let me haue a newe cote
Whan I haue nede and in my purse a grote
Than wyll I dwell with you styl

C Beware for whan y arte buryed in the grounde Frewyll.
Se we frendes for the wyll be founde
Remembre this slyp.

C No thyngē dide I so sore as deih Imagyn.
Therefore to amende I chynke hyt be tyme
Synne haue I bled all the dayes of my breth
With pleasure lechery and misusyngē
And spent amys my v. wyttes therfore I am soray
Here of all my synnes I axe god mercy

C Holde here is a becter clothynge for the

And loke that thou forslake thy folys

Be stedfast loke that thou fall never

C Now here I forslake my synne for euer

C Syr wayte thou now on perseuerance
for thy name shall be called good remembraunce
And I wyll dwell with contemplacyon
And folowe hym where euer he become

C Well arc ye so bothe agrede

C Cye syr so god me spede

C Syr ye shall wete on me soone
And be goddes seruaunt daye and nyght
And in every place where ye become
Gyue good counseyle to every wyght
And men are your name tell you remembraunce
That goddes lawe kepereth truly every daye
And loke that ye forget not repentaunce
Than to heuen ye shall go the nexte waye
Where ye shall se in the heuenly quere
The blesyd company of sayntes so holp
That lyued deuouly whyle they were here
Unto the whiche blysse I deseche god almyghty

Imagyn.

Perseue.

Imagyn.

Frewyll.

Contem.

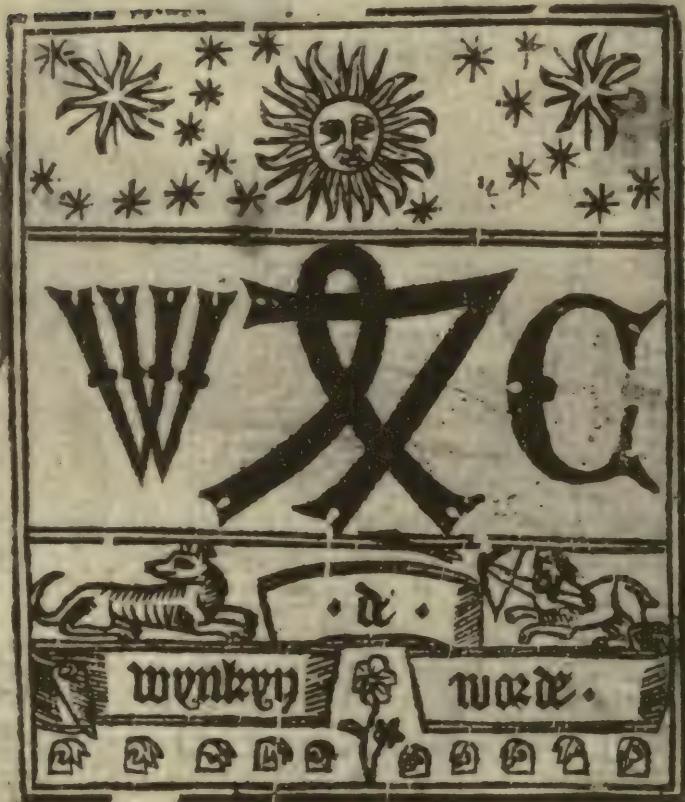
Imagyn.

Perseue.

To brynghe there your soules that here be present
And unto vertuous lyuyng that ye maye applye
Truly so to kepe his commaundemente
Of all our mythes here we make an ende
Unto the blysse of heuen Ihesu your soules brynghe

S M E N.

Enprynted
by me Wynkyn de
Worde.



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